



Gaudeam⁹ synge we i hoc sacro tpe
Puer nobis natus ē ex Maria virgine.

Mary moder come and se
Thy lone is nayled on a tre
Hande and fote he may not go
His body is wrapped all in wo

AUpon a tre nayled he is
To bryngē vs all to heuen blyss
Foz a dam that dyde aynysse

Foz an aple that was so fre
From his heed unto his too
His skynne is torne and fleshe also
His body is bothe wanne and blo

And nayled he is on a tre
Thy louely lone that thou hast bornde
Is crowned with a crowne of thornis
To sauē mankynde that was but loke

And bryngē man but to his libertē
Cwohan Iohan this tale began to tell
Mary wolde no lenger dwell
But went amonge the Jewes fell

Where she myght her lone se

3.4.

My swete sone that arte me dere
 why hangest thou on rode here
 25 Thy hede is wrythen all in a breste
 Louely sone what may this be.
 Moder to Johan I the betake
 Johan kepe this woman for my sake
 On rode I am emedes to make
 for synfull man as ye may se.
 This game of loue I must play
 for mannes soule it is no nay
 There is no man that goth by the way
 But on my body he may haue pyte
 35 This Payne þ men haue me wrought
 for synfull soules I haue it bought
 Of all this smerte yet rewe I nought
 If man wolde be kynde to me.
 My blode coleth my fleshe doth fall
 I am athirst after drynke I call
 They gyue me eylyll menged with gall
 A wors drinke may there be none.
 Ifader my soule to the I betake.
 My body dyeth for mannes sake

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To hell I must withouten make
 Mankynde for to make fre
God that deyed for vs all
 Borne of a mayde in an oxe stall
 Graunt vs his realme celestyall
 Amen amen for charyte.

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Finis.

Coſaynt Steuen

CTo ſaynt Steuen wyll we pray
 To pray for vs bothe nyght and day

Of ſaynt Steuen goddes knyght
 That preched þaythday & nyght
 He tolde the Jewes as it was ryght

That Chryſt was borne of a may.

CThe Jewes layd in grete scorne
 That Chryſt was not of a mayde borne
 Than layd Steuen ye are but loyne

CAnd all that beleue in your lay.

CNow is ſpronge the welle of lyfe
 Of Mary moder mayde and wyf
 Therfore the Jewes fell at Stryfe

CAnd with Steuen thā dȳ.py. ed they,

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The wycked Jewes at the last
Stones at Steuen they gan cast
His hed and armes they all to brast
And made his body in foule array.
Steuen that was full mylde of mode
Thought he were all reed in blode
In his prayers styl he stode
And cryng to good thus he dyde say
Lord god for thy myghtfull grace
Forgyue the Jewes theyr trespace
And gyue them grace to se thy face
In the Joye that lasteth aye.
To heuen he loketh soone an hys
To the father and sone truly
And to the holy goost he gan cry
Receyue my soule I the pray.
God receyued his boone anone
Downe came aungeles many one
They toke his soule & to heuen dyd gone
To blyssednesse that lasteth aye.
To that blysse that is so goode
Gheiu that dyed vpon ther roode

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Graunt vs for his precyous bloode
Our saluacyon at domes day.

¶ finis.

¶ Of saynt John.

¶ Pray for vs to god on hys
Blyssed saynt Johan and our lady.

O Blesyd Johan & euangelyst
Kynght dere beloued of Iesu cryst
The preure of heue in erthe thou wylle
A s touchyng to the trynyte.
¶ That prynce that is withouten pere
To Johan he toke his mode dere
All whyle he lyued in erthe here
That vrygyns were bothe he and she.
¶ His noble Johan that we of rede
Informed vs of Chystes dede
The whyle that he on erthe yede
In his gospell so fynde we.

Whan Chryst on crosse hanged so hy
 He sayd vnto his moder Mary
 Lo there thy lone standyngē the by
 And se thy moder Johan sayd he
 Nowe pray we to this saynt echone
 For vs to pray to god in trone
 Out of this lyfe whan we shall gone
 To se hym in his mayeste
 ¶ finis.

¶ A caroll of the Innocentes.

Marke this songe for it is trewe
 For it is trewe as clerkes tell.

In olde tyme straūg thyng? cam to pas
 Grete wonder & greee meruayll was
 In Israell.

There was one Octauyan
 Octauyan of Rome Imperour.
 As booke olde doth speyfye

'Of all the wyde worlde trulpe.

He was lord and gouernour.

CThe Jewes that tyme lackyd a kyng
They lackyd a kyng so gyde them well
The Imperour of power and myght
Chose one Herode agaynst all ryght

In Iheraell.

This Herode thā was kyng of Jewys
was kyng of Jewys & he no Jewe
For sothe he was a panyon borne
Wherfore on fayth it may be swoyne

He reygned kynge vntrewe.

CBy prophesye one Isay
One Isay at leſt dyd tell
A chylde sholde come woderous newys
þ shold be borne trewe kyng of Jewys

In Iheraell.

This Herode knew one borne shold be
One borne sholde be of trewe lenage
That sholde be ryght herytour
For he but by the Imperour
Was made by usurpage.

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Wherfore of throught this kyng Herode
This kyng Herode in grete fere fell
For all the days most in his myyth
Cure he fered Chrystes byrth

35 In Israhell.

C The tyne came it pleased god
It pleased god so to come so pas
For mannes soule in dede
His blyssed sone was borne wyth spedē

40 As his wyll was

C Tydynge came to kynke Herode
To kyng Herode and dyd hym tell
That one borne forsooth is he
Whiche lorde and kyng of all shall be

45 In Israell.

C Herode thā raged as he were woode
As he were wode of this tydynge
And sent for all his scrybes sure
þet wolde he not trut the scripture

50 Noz of theyz councellynge.

C Than this was the concluyon
The conclusyon of his councell

To sende vnto his knyghtes anone
To sle the chyldeyne euychone
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In Israell.

¶ This cruell kyng this tyranny
This tyranny dyd put in ure
Bytweyne a day and yeres too
All men chyldeyne he dyd slou
60

Of Chryst for to be sure.

¶ Yet Herode myssed his cruell pray
His cruell pray as was goddes wyll
Joseph with Mary than dyd sle
With Chryst to Egypt gone was she
65

From Israell.

¶ All this wohyle this tyrantes
This tyrantes wolde not couert
But innocentes yonge
That iay lokynge

They thryst to the herte.
70

¶ This Herode sought the chyldeyn
This chyldeyn yonge with corage fell
But in doyng thys vngenaunce
His owne sone was slayne by chaunce

75

In Israell.

Talas I thynke the moders were wo
 The moders were wo it was grete skyl
 what moþerly Payne
 To se them slayne

80.

In cradels lyeng stylle:

But god hym selfe hath theym electe
 Hath theym electe in heuyn to dwelle.
 For they were bathed in theyr blode
 For theyr baptym soþ it stode

85.

In Israell.

Talas agayne what hartes had they
 what hartes had they those babes to kyll
 with swerdeþ whan they hym caught
 In cradels they lay and laught

90.

And never thought yll.

Cfinis.

This was the tenour of her talkynge
Timor mortis conturbat me.

C I asked that byrde what she meant
I am a mister fayre & gent

Fox fere of deeths I am all shent
Timor mortis conturbat me

Whan I shall dye I know no day
Contrey nor place I can not say

Wherfore this longe synghe I may
Timor mortis conturbat me.

C Jesu chryste whan he sholde dys
To his fader gan he crye
Fader he sayd in trynayte

Timor mortis conturbat me
All chrysten people beholde & se

This wroldis is but a vanyte
Fox therin is but necessite

Timor mortis conturbat me.
C Wake or slepe eat or drynke!

Whan I on my last ende do thynke
Fox great fere my soule doth synke

Timor mortis conturbat me.
C Finis.

Blessyd Stephan we the praye
Pro nobis preces funde

T Shall you tell this ylke nyght
O slaynt Stephan goddes knyght
He tolde the Jewes that it was ryght
That Crist was borne of a mayde
Blessyd Stephan. sc.

Then layd the Jewes w grete scorne
That goddes sone myght not be borne
Stephan layd ye be forlorne
And all that hyleueth on that lay
Blessyd Stephan. sc.

Chis Stephan whā he was most pfyte
In Crystes lawe illuminate
The Jewes hym toke with grete dyspyte
Without the towne to lapidate
Blessyd Stephan. sc.

CThe cursyd Jewes at the last
Stones at Stephan they gan cast
They bette hym and bounde hym fast
And made his body in scule aray
Blessyd Stephan. sc.

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¶ whan the aungell Iue began
fleshe and blode togyder can
Mary bare bothe god and man
Through the vertue of benygnyte.
¶ So sayth the gospell of laynt Johas
God and man is made bothe one
In fleshe and breed-blode and bone
One god in persones thre.
¶ And the prophete Jeremy
Colde in his prophecy
That the sone of Mary
For vs sholde dye on tree.
¶ He hath Joye to you graunted
And in erth peace hath plaunted
whan yborne was that faynted
In the londe of Galilee
¶ Mary graunte vs the blysse
where thy sone dwellynge is
And of that we haue done amysse
Thou pray for vs for charyte.

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¶ Finis. 3. iii.

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Salve regina mater misericordie!

Vita dulcedo et spes nostra salve,

O Every lyfe of sweetnes and hope

Of thy mercy lende vs a drope

As thow bare Iesu your kynd dyd grop

Salve regina mater mie. vita. sc.

C Unto our helth thou bare that chyld

With spot of syn thou were neuer defyld

Mary mother bothe meke and myld

Salve regina mater mie. vita. sc.,

C we synners lady to the we crye

In this world to haue mercy

We syng to the yet or we dye

Salve regina mater mie. vita. sc.

C To the w^re call euer at oure nede

Ascende sprcy all for all mannes nede

Thou loure on felde of A dains sede

Salve regina mater mie. vita. sc.

C Thy eyen of pyte from vs not hyde

Whyle we here in this world abyde

C Thou gauere vs to be oure guyde

His voyce both sharp & also
Shalbe herd from heuen to h,
All my dle erthe it shall fulfyll
Venite ad iudicium.

A boyce. sc.

Venite is a blyssed song
For them that for ioye dooth longe
And shall forsake paynes strong
Venite ad iudicium.

A boyce. sc.

Glad in hert may they be
Whan Chyfst sayeth Venite
Ye blyssed chyldren come to me
In to vitam eternam

A boyce. sc.

Whan I. hongred ne gaue me meat
Ye clothed me agaynst the weat
In trouble ye dyde me not forgeat
Venite ad iudicium

A boyce. sc.

Cye socoured me at your doore
And for my sake gaue to the poore

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rfore Wyll I you socoore
Venite ad iudicium.

A boyce..^{xc.}

Choyz in hert may they be
That hereth this heuy woorde, Ite
ye cursed chyldren go fro me

In to ignem eternum

A boyce.^{xc.}

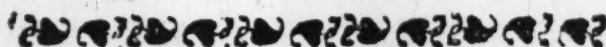
CWhan for nede that I dyde crye
Confortlesse ye lete me dye
Therefore now I you deny
Venite ad iudicium

A boyce.^{xc.}

Cfor by me ye set no store
Ye shall abyte ryght dere therfore
In hell With dcsyis for euermore
Venite ad iudicium

A boyce.^{xc.}

finis.



CIesu Christe fili dei viui misere
bis. Alleluya. 20

Most souerayn lorde Chrysi. 1.
Born of a mayd þ euer was trut
With grace and goodnesse þ vs endue
That now singeth this. Misere nobis.

Iesu christe fili dei viui.

Lorde of mercy by propre condycion
That of mankynd made the redemption
Graunt vs now this petycion
That now syngeth this. Misere nobis.

Iesu christe fili dei viui. sc.

CIesu preserue vs and be our spede
With grace to socour vs at our nede
To do thy pleasure in Worde and dede
That now syngeth this. Misere nobis.

Iesu christe. sc.

CRusy sh not synners by thy myght
But with mercy medled with ryght
So that we may lyue in thy syght
That now syngeth this. Misere nobis.

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